

MOONLIGHT ON THE SNOW.

To-night the earth is like a maid,
Entranced within a magic bower,
Where she in sleep is chastely laid
Pure as the nursing of an hour;
Or like a sweet white half-blown rose,
Lying securely in God's palm,
Waiting for morning ere it blows
And yields him all its breath of balm.
So still! so pure! so fair! so sweet!
The thankful tears unbidden come;
My heart lies patient at God's feet
Till he shall lift and take it home.
Dear World! Thou art indeed God's rose
That lies half folded in his hand:
He only can thy leaves unclose,
And all thy mysteries understand!
—Howard Glyndon.

A MATCH.

If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
Our lives would grow together
In sad or singing weather,
Blown fields or flowerful closes,
Green pleasure or gray grief:
If love were what the rose is,
And I were like the leaf,
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune,
With double sound and single
Delight our lips would mingle,
With kisses glad as birds are,
That get sweet rain at noon;
If I were what the words are,
And love were like the tune.
—Seaburnie.

THE HAUNTED SHIP.

I shipped in the Norway for the passage from Cronstadt to Hull, and another English gentleman, who went by the name of Jack Hastings, joined her at the same time. He and I lodged together on the shore, and became somewhat acquainted before we became shipmates. He was a man of considerable information, and from his talk, had seen his share of the world, but was not much of a sailor, as I had already surmised from the cut of his jaw.

We found Capt. Phelps of the Norway a Tartar in the worst sense of the word; and the voyage was any thing but a pleasant one, especially to Hastings. He had shipped for able seaman's wages, and his deficiencies were soon apparent, especially to a captain who had a hawk's eye for the weak points in a man, that he might come down on him. As I had a strong feeling of respect for the young man, I stood his friend whenever I could, by trying to do more than my own share of duty, and covering up his shortcomings; but I could not always be at hand, of course.

One night when it was blowing quite fresh, and I was at the wheel, the Captain was up, and had all hands putting reefs in the topsails. The men had lain down on deck, and were manning the halyards to hoist away, when poor Hastings, instead of the reef-tackle, let go the weather foretop-sail brace, and away went the yard fore and aft. However, by luffing up smartly, we managed to get it checked in again, without carrying away any thing. But Capt. Phelps, frothing at the mouth, vowed he would tan the clumsy lubber's hide that did it, and would "ride him down like a main-tack." He rushed at Hastings with a piece of ratline stuff, and brought it down once, with a terrific cut, over his neck and shoulders.

As he raised it again to repeat the blow, while all hands stood looking on, hushed into silence, a voice from aloft roared out:

"Hold your hand!"

The sound, which was wonderfully loud and clear, seemed to come down out of the maintop. The Captain fell back aft, so as to look up, but could see nothing.

"Aloft, there!" he yelled, in a rage. No answer.

"Maintop, there!"

"Halloa!" was answered, spitefully.

"Come down on deck!"

"Come up here and see how you like it!"

The Captain's rage was now fearful to behold.

"Who's aloft there? Who is it, Mr. Raynor?" he demanded of the Mate.

"Nobody that I know of, sir," answered the officer. "They're all here in sight."

The men looked from one to another, but the number was correct. The Second Mate, without waiting for orders, sprang up aloft and looked over the top-ribs, then made the circuit of it, looking all round the mast-head, and reported himself alone. The Captain dropped his rope's end and went below, his mind in a strange chaos of rage and fear, and Hastings escaped further beating for that night.

But a few days were sufficient for the Captain to forget his fears, and I myself was the next victim of his wrath. He had ordered me to make a lanyard-knot in the end of an old, fagged rope, to be used for lashing somewhere. I did so, and returned it to him, telling him I had made the best job of it I could.

"Well, if that's your best," said he, "you're as much of a lubber as your partner, Hastings. I'll dock you both to or'nary seaman's pay."

In vain I remonstrated, saying that the rope was too much worn and fagged to make a neat piece of work.

"Fagged, is it? Well, I'll finish it up over your lubberly back."

"No you won't!" sang out a voice from behind the long-boat.

He rushed round in the direction of the sound, but there was no one there.

"Who was that that spoke?" he cried. "If I knew who he was I'd cut his heart out."

"Ha, ha! would ye?" was answered derisively—from the maintop, now.

It was broad daylight, and all could see there was no one up there. I was quite as much startled and mystified as my tyrant could possibly be, but the diversion served as good a purpose as on the previous occasion, for he did not attack me again. Had he done so, I meant to resist, and grapple with him, if it cost me my life.

That night the Captain's slumbers were disturbed by a fierce cry, which appeared to come in at the side-light in his state-room, left open for fresh air. The cry had been heard by the Mate, on the quarter-deck, and by Hastings, at the wheel, who could give no explanation of it, and seemed to share his astonishment and fear, when he rushed on deck and looked vainly over the quarter in search of the cause.

From that day he was harassed and persecuted at every turn by an "invisible presence," which gave him no peace of his life. Whether on deck or below he found no escape from it, and especially when he began to abuse or swear at any of the ship's company the voice of the hidden champion invariably took their part, the insolent laugh rang in his ears on every such occasion, seeming to come from overhead.

But no such manifestations ever troubled us in the fore-castle, nor did the unearthly voice ever address any one on board except Capt. Phelps. The more superstitious part of our crew would rather have borne his tyrannical treatment than have lived in a haunted ship, while some of us welcomed a friend in this unaccountable spiritual presence, or whatever it might be.

The Captain's angry passions were to some degree checked by it, though now and then they broke forth so suddenly that the object of his fury received a blow before it could interfere. We had arrived within a couple of days' sail of the English coast, when, becoming exasperated by some blunder of Hastings, he hurled a belaying pin, which struck him on the head. The poor fellow suddenly clapped both hands to the spot with a yell and rushed into the fore-castle. The Captain, after having thrown the missile, appeared, as I thought, surprised at not hearing any thing, and I noticed him glance nervously aloft. But still hearing nothing he recovered his courage and ordered Mr. Raynor to "call that man on deck again."

The Mate, getting no answer to his call, went below and found Hastings delirious. He reported that he believed the man to be in a critical condition, and the Captain directed him to do whatever he thought best for his relief. I think Captain Phelps, like some other hard cases that I have sailed with, did not dare venture into the fore-castle himself, for fear that he might never get out again alive.

That night it became necessary to call all hands out to reef again, and while we were on the yards a thrilling cry arose from the bows, such as might well have been raised by a maniac. A human form was seen by several of us erect on the rail, near the fore-swifter, and then a loud splash was heard in the water under our bows.

Mr. Raynor and the Captain, who were on deck, rushed to the side; a hat was seen for a moment bobbing up on the crest of sea, and the same dreadful yell of insanity was repeated, even more shrill than before. Capt. Phelps echoed the cry, but faintly, and fell insensible to the deck.

Mr. Raynor hailed us on the topsail-yard with a voice like a trumpet blast—

"Lay down from aloft! Clear away the small boat!"

We thought the Mate was quite as mad as the poor suicide; and so he was for the moment. By the time we reached the deck he was ready to countermand the order. Every thing was hidden in darkness, the wind and sea fast increasing; and it was hardly possible, even then, for the clumsy little boat to live. The Captain, still unconscious, was carried below with many a muttered wish that he might never come up again; and bitter were the oaths of vengeance, mingled with kind words and tears, for our departed messmate, that went round among our wakeful little circle during that stormy, dismal night.

When the Hull pilot boarded us, 48 hours afterward, Capt. Phelps was at his post, trying to look like himself, but still pale and trembling. The Mate had told us that he should have him arrested as soon as we arrived in port. But I think he must have relented and connived at his escape, for he was missing before the ship was fairly secured. I don't think he was ever brought to justice, though I did not wait to see. I was glad enough to shake the dust of the Norway off my feet, and to forget, if possible, the history of the voyage.

But I often found myself, while on subsequent voyages, puzzling my brain to account for the strange phenomena of which I spoke. Five years passed away and I was none the wiser in that respect, when I found myself in Liverpool, where I had arrived from a South American voyage and had been paid off with fifty pounds—a considerable sum for me to have in my possession at one time.

Strolling along the streets at early evening, ready for any thing in the way of amusement that might turn up, my attention was caught by a poster announcing the performance of "Prof. Holbrook, the unrivaled and world-renowned ventriloquist." I had never seen a performance of that sort; but after reading the bill I resolved to go. I was just in time when I reached the hall of exhibition, and taking a ticket I entered and took a seat. I thought the Professor's entertainment the most wonderful thing that I had ever seen or heard. After a variety of sounds and voices had been imitated with marvelous skill, he informed us that he would hold a conversation with an imaginary person up the chimney. When the responsive "Ha, ha!" came down I was startled to such a degree as to raise from my seat. It was the same voice, in precisely the same peculiar tones that I had heard so many times from the Norway's maintop.

A minute later, the Professor, having finished his part, came forward to the front of the stage; and, in spite of his flowing beard and other disguises, I recognized one whom I had supposed to be dead five years before.

"Jack Hastings!" said I, aloud, forgetting, in my excitement, where I was.

"Sit down!" "Put him out!" cried a dozen voices at once.

I subsided, of course, but not before I had received a sign of recognition from the ventriloquist. When the performance was over he beckoned to me, and in the privacy of his own room grasped my hand with a hearty pressure.

"Hastings," I asked, "how in the name of miracles were you saved?"

"Saved! Where?"

"When you jumped overboard raving mad."

He laughed—his own natural, hearty laugh; not the unearthly one which he sent down from chimneys and must-heads.

"I never jumped overboard, Ashton," said he; "and I never was any more mad than I am at this moment. It was only a plan to frighten old Phelps, and I think it succeeded but too well. If he had been tried for his life and I had thought him in danger, I should have appeared in court and frightened him again to save his life. But he could not be found, and I have never heard of him since. My madness was all a sham, and the man overboard was only a bundle of old duds, surmounted by my old hat. I slipped down into the forepeak and lay concealed till the night after the ship arrived, when I stole out and went ashore. Of course you understand the cries you heard?"

"Certainly; and the other strange sounds on board. Your ventriloquism explains the whole matter."

"I performed in most of the cities and large towns in England before I knew you; but I was dissipated in my

habits and squandered all that I made. While on one of my sprees I shipped and went to sea, and that is how you found me at Cronstadt. But I was never stock to make a sailor of. Since I have returned I have done well and saved money, and you must allow that I acquit myself better on this stage than I did on board the Norway."

And that's the only haunted ship that ever I was in. I've heard of others, but probably those cases might all be explained in some similar way.

Our American Neighbors.

The United States have upon their borders, within easy reach, a number of national neighbors who ought to be our customers. They are in one sense customers—that is, we buy largely of them, and they take our money and buy goods with it of other countries. We refer to Mexico, the States of Central America and of South America, and to the West India Islands. The character of this trade with States almost at our doors is shown in the values of what we buy of them and of what we sell to them. We give the totals for 1877:

States.	What we buy.	What we sell.
Mexico.....	\$ 15,444,583	\$ 4,509,681
Central America.....	3,499,559	1,304,248
Cuba.....	67,899,299	12,748,002
Porto Rico.....	4,475,029	2,321,944
Venezuela.....	7,429,529	3,066,282
Brazil.....	48,495,041	7,499,118
Uruguay.....	2,497,711	1,077,424
Argentine Republic.....	3,449,529	1,129,108
Chili.....	899,716	2,173,467
Peru.....	1,545,461	1,239,606
U. S. of Colombia.....	5,454,293	4,022,232
Total.....	\$155,339,910	\$41,694,022

Included in the imports and exports were the following items of silver and gold:

Gold coin and bullion.....	\$ 2,956,154
Silver coin and bullion.....	12,166,406

Exports of gold and silver..... \$15,121,647

Excess of specie imports..... \$13,971,985

In addition to these figures, we received from these States, for exportation, merchandise valued at about \$6,000,000, including \$3,300,000 of specie. The heaviest items of import were coffee, about \$44,000,000; hides, skins and undressed furs, \$11,000,000; India rubber, \$6,000,000; nitrate of soda, \$1,000,000; sugar and molasses, from Cuba \$59,600,000, from Porto Rico \$4,000,000, from Brazil over \$3,000,000; total sugar and molasses, \$66,000,000; and about \$2,600,000 of raw wool.

In return we sold them of our manufactures: Cottons, \$3,500,000; glassware, \$157,000; iron manufactures, \$3,270,000; steel goods, \$900,000; silks, none; woolens, \$22,000; lard, \$5,500,000. And this is the beggarly exhibit of our sales of manufactured goods. The whole continent and the West Indies, to whom we might sell \$250,000,000 of productions, and especially of manufactures, are lost to American trade. We buy of them \$155,000,000 of their products and pay for them in bills on London, and these bills are there used to purchase cotton goods and other British manufactures to be sent to these American neighbors of ours to whom we refuse to sell.—Chicago Tribune.

Peter's Pence.

The Camerlengo, that is to say, the Chamberlain of the Vatican, has found in the Pope's desk \$420,000, which, of course, was only a little loose change which the Pontiff happened to have about him at the time of his decease. The bulk of his property, amounting to \$24,000,000, is on deposit with the Rothschilds. This money, it should be added, constitutes the Papal Government funds, and descends entire to the Church. It represents the accumulations of the "Peter's Pence," contributions which amount to nearly \$15,000,000 yearly, a large portion of course, being used to defray the expenses of the Holy See. The Italian Government each year presents to the Pope \$645,000 for his civil list, a single note for that sum being especially engraved. This sum His Holiness has always declined to receive, but it would doubtless astonish the Government considerably if a less scrupulous successor were not only to accept the next note, but to claim the nine years' arrearages of pay. To pay out nearly \$6,000,000 at this time would undoubtedly seriously discommode King Humbert's financier.

—When a man wants to call a puppy he whistles, but a girl just walks along with her handkerchief floating across her shoulder.—Rome Sentinel.